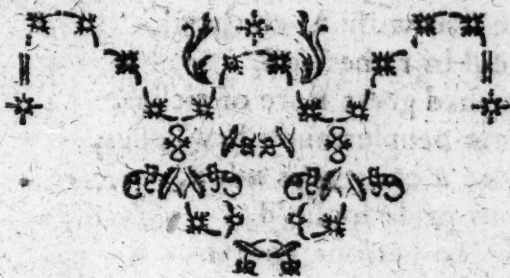


11622.c 24
112
K
T H E

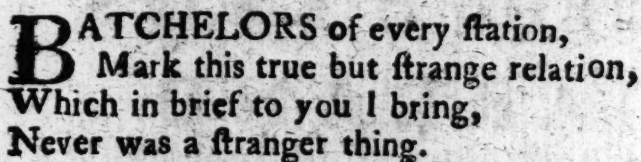
Berkshire Lady's GARLAND.

IN FOUR PARTS.

- I. Cupid's Conquest over a coy Lady of 5000l. a Year, who having slighted many noble Offers, was compelled by Love to wed a poor Attorney.
- II. The Lady's Challenge to fight him, on his refusing to wed her masked, without knowing who she was.
- III. How they met in a Grove, where she obliged him to fight or wed her.
- IV. How they rode together to her noble Seat, or Castle, where she left him in a Room some Hours alone. Concluding with their happy Marriage.



Printed for S. GAMIDGE, at Prior's
Head, in Worcester.



**You will find it worth your hearing,
Loyal love is most endearing
When it takes the deepest root,
Yielding charms and gold to boot.**

Some will wed for store of treasure,
But the greatest joy and pleasure
Is in faithful love, you'll find,
Graced with a noble mind.

Such a gen'rous disposition
Had the lady, with submission,
Of whom I this sonnet write,
Store of wealth and beauty bright.

She had left by a good grannum
Full five thousand pounds per annum,
Which she had without controul,
Thus she did in riches roll.

Tho' she had great store of riches,
Which some people much bewitches,
Yet she bore a courteous mind,
Not at all to pride inclin'd.

Many noble persons courted
This young lady, 'tis reported,
But their labour prov'd in vain,
They could not her favour gain.

Tho' she made such stout resistance,
Yet, by Cupid's kind assistance,



She was conquer'd after all;
How it was declare I shall.

Being at a noble wedding,
Near the famous town of Reading,
A young gentleman she saw,
Who belonged to the law.

As she view'd his sweet behaviour,
Every courteous carriage gave her
Fresh additions to her grief;
Forc'd she was to seek relief.

Privately she then enquired,
About him she so admired,
Who he was, and where he dwelt;
Such were the hot flames she felt.

Then at night this beauteous lady
Call'd her coach, which being ready
Homeward strait she did return,
But her heart in flames did burn.

P A R T II.

NIGHT and morning for a season
In her closet would she reason
With herself; and often said,
Why has love my heart betray'd
I who have so many slighted
Am myself as well requited,
For my griefs are not a few;
Now I find what love can do.

He that has my heart in keeping,
Tho' for his sake I lay weeping,

Little knows what grief I feel,
 But I'll try him out with steel:
 For I will a challenge send him,
 And appoint where I'll attend him,
 In a grove, without delay,
 By the dawning of the day.

He shall not the least discover
 That I am a virgin lover
 By the challenge which I send
 But for justice I'll contend.

He has caused sad distraction,
 And I am come for satisfaction,
 Which if he refuse to give,
 One of us shall cease to live.

Having thus her mind revealed,
 She a letter wrote and sealed.
 Now when it came to his hand
 This young man was at a stand.

In her letter she conjur'd him,
 For to meet her, or she'd post him,
 Recompence he must afford,
 Or dispute it with his sword.

Having read this strange relation,
 He was in a consternation,
 And advising with a friend,
 He persuades him to attend.

Be of courage, and make ready,
 Faint heart never won fair lady:
 In regard i must be so,
 I along with you will go.

P A R T III.

EARLY on a sum-mur morning,
 When bright Phæbus was adorning
 Every meadow with his beams,
 This young lady came, it seems,
 At the bottom of a mountain,
 Near a pleasant chrystal fountain,
 There she left her gilded coach,
 While the grove she did approach.

Cover'd with a mask and walking,
 There she met her lover, talking
 With a friend whom he had brought:
 Strait she ask'd him whom he sought.

I am challeng'd by a gallant,
 And resolv'd to try a talent,
 Who he is I cannot say,
 But I hope to shew him play.

If was I that did invite you:
 You shall wed me, or I'll fight you
 Underneath these spreading trees;
 Therefore chuse you which you please.

You shall find I do not vapour,
 I have brought a trusty rapier;
 Therefore take your choice, said she,
 Either fight or marry me

Said he, madam, pray what mean ye,
 In my life I ne'er have seen ye;
 Pray unmask, your visage shew,
 Then I'll tell you aye or no.

I will not my face discover
 Until the marriage rites are over;
 Therefore chuse you which you will,
 Wed me now, or try your skill.

Step within that pleasant bower
 With your friend one single hour;
 Strive your thoughts to reconcile,
 And I will wander here the while.

While this charming lady waited,
 This young batchelor debated
 What was best for to be done.

Quoth his friend, All hazards run.

If my judgment may be trusted
 Wed her, fir; you can't be worsted,
 If she's rich you'll rise to fame,
 If she's poor you are the same.

He consented to be married:
 In her coach they all were carried
 To a church without delay,
 Where he weds this lady gay.

The sweet pretty Cupids hover
 Round her eyes, her face was cover'd
 With a mask; he took her thus
 Just for better or for worse.

With a courteous kind behaviour,
 She presents his friend a favour,
 And withall dismiss him strait,
 That he might no longer wait.

PART IV.

AS the gilded coach was ready,
 The young lawyer and his lady
 Rode together till they came
 To her house with state and fame,

Which
 Where
 of your
 out befo
 Hand
 to a ha
 Which
 all alon
 Two
 ler ret
 and be
 or he
 Still
 ound
 Which
 ut, al
 There
 all wit
 at his
 ould
 Whi
 ys th
 ell m
 ou ha
 He
 ou sh
 bro'
 adan
 The
 ying
 thet
 e'er

Which appeared like a castle,
 Where you might behold a parcel
 Of young cedars, tall and strait,
 Sit before the palace gate.

Hand in hand they walk'd together
 To a hall, or parlour rather,
 Which was beautiful and fair :
 All alone she left him there.

Two long hours there he waited,
 For her return at length he fretted ;
 And began to grieve at last,
 For he had not broke his fast.

Still like one that was amazed
 Round the spacious room he gazed,
 Which was richly beautify'd ;
 But, alas ! he'd lost his bride.
 There was peeping, laughing, staring,
 All within the lawyer's hearing,
 But his bride he could not see :

Could I were at home, thought he.

While his heart was melancholy,
 Says the steward, so brisk and jolly,
 Tell me, friend, how came you here,
 You have some design I fear.

He reply'd, Dear loving master,
 You shall meet with no disaster
 thro' my means, in any case,
 Myself brought me to this place.

Then the steward he did retire,
 Saying that he would enquire
 Whether it were so or no
 Whether his lover hamper'd so.

Now the lady who had fill'd him
 With these fears, full well beheld him
 From a window where she drest,
 Pleased with the pleasant jest.

When she had herself attired
 In rich robes to be admired,
 Like a moving angel bright
 She descended to his sight.

Sir, my servants have related
 How you have some hours waited
 In my parlour; tell me who
 In my house you ever knew?

Madam, if I have offended,
 It is more than I intended;
 A young lady brought me here,
 That is true, said she, my dear.

I can be no longer cruel
 To my joy and only jewel,
 Thou art mine, and I am thine,
 Hand and heart I do resign.

Once I was thy wounded lover,
 Now my fears are clearly over,
 By accepting what I gave,
 Thou art lord of all I have.

Beauty, honour, love, and treasure,
 A rich golden stream of pleasure,
 With his lady he enjoys,
 Thanks to Cupid's kind decoys.

Not inferior to a Squire,
 He enjoys his heart's desire;
 Beauty, honour, riches store,
 What can man desire more.

7 JU 62